

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1857.

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THE POST IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1857.

QUEBEC, Nov. 3.—The Indian, Capt. Thomas Jones, has arrived with Liverpool dates to Wednesday October 21st.

Liverpool Cotton Market.—The sales of cotton for three days are 10,000 bales, at a decline in prices of 1-16 to 1-8d. The trade was dull. Speculators took 2,000 bales out of the 10,000 sold, and on the day the Indian sailed the trade bought 1,000 bales.

Bank of England.—The Bank has raised its rates of discount to eight per cent.

Consols.—There have been slight fluctuations in Government securities and Consols were quoted at 88 3/4 to 88 1/2.

Breadstuffs.—Several of the circulars report breadstuffs quiet—some report a good demand for prime red, and no change in prices for other qualities. Flour is steady.

Business.—The pressure in financial circles still continues.

Richardson, Spence & Co. report Manchester advices unfavorable. A declining tendency in Wheat, Corn, firm, and all qualities slightly improved. Rice quiet.

New York, Nov. 3.—The Arago, with the Liverpool dates the same as the Indian, has arrived. She brings \$1,000,000 in gold.

Corporations suffer now-a-days. The other day a farmer sued the city of Brooklyn for damages he received from driving a loaded wagon over one of its bad roads, and the jury awarded him damages in more than \$7,000. A gentleman, who was injured by a railroad collision on the New Haven Railroad, sued the Company, and has obtained a verdict for \$3000. Getting crippled seems to be rather a good investment these days.

Rowdiness does not seem to be especially confined to Baltimore. A few days ago, two Irish Democratic politicians got into a desperate fight in N. Y. City Hall in broad daylight, and one of them was knocked down, pelted, and his brains nearly kicked out upon the floor. All this took place in the precincts of the very temple of Justice—and not ten steps from the office of the Mayor.

A FORCED MARRIAGE.—On the recent passage of the steamer Florida from St. Louis to Omaha, a gentleman and lady came on board who had eloped without marriage. It being noised on board, the Captain compelled an immediate marriage, upon threat if it was not done he would put the parties on shore.

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.—It is said that a Democratic member of Congress, who was himself ready to offer \$200,000 for the Fort Snelling Reservation, and would have considered it a great prize at that, will move for an investigation of the late fraudulent sale. It is believed that the disclosures will be altogether richer than those of the congressional corruption at the last session.

A young lady of Colchester, near Chicago, was told by her father, a few days ago, that he would rather follow her to her grave than to see her the wife of a man who was paying his addresses to her. She shortly afterwards was seized with an alarming illness, and in three hours was a corpse. Just before dying, when she was beyond the reach of remedy, she confessed to having procured and taken a large portion of arsenic.

The notorious LOTA MONTES is lecturing in Boston against the Church of Rome. She attempts to show that there is only one great element of evil in the world—the Roman Catholic Church, and that she, the said Lota, is the only person fit to combat that evil. During one of her lectures a man present shouted "You are a liar," and left the hall. As he passed out the indignant lady sent a well aimed pistol shot after him, that came well nigh arresting his exit.

ADVERTISING.—An exchange truthfully remarks that "dull times are perhaps the very best for advertisers. What little trade is going on they get, and whilst others are grumbling they keep on their way, and with the newspaper as a life-preserver, swim on the top of the water whilst others are sinking all around. Advertisers liberally and you will hardly smell hard times."

Corn is offered at twenty-three cents a bushel, by the farmers along the Wabash Valley, delivered at their own expense in Vincennes, Indiana.

BRIEF BUT SENSIBLE.—Punch says the way to cure smoked tongues, is to "stop smoking."

BODY FOUND.—The body of a white man, very much decomposed, was found near the Greenbrier (Va.) White Sulphur Springs, last week. The deceased had two hundred dollars in gold on his person, was well dressed, and apparently passed middle age.

The Louisville Journal, noticing the fact that Charles Mackay, the poet, is now on a visit to this country, says:

"Dr. Mackay, as is universally known, is the author of 'There's a Good Time Coming.' There seems to be a very general regret here that he didn't bring it with him."

Sterns used to say,—"The most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as most people do—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

THE PHILOSOPHIC DEMOCRACY.

In calm or storm, in sunshine or in shade, there is a degree of self-complacency and gratulation with the leaders of the philosophic Democracy, which, says the Columbus Enquirer, commands our most profound admiration. Democracy! a mere cabalistic word to the uninitiated—to the true believer, in the open sesame to riches, honor and power. It is a sort of political alchemy which reduces and transforms all base metals into gold. It is the oblivious antidote which steepens the senses of its votaries, in forgetfulness. One of our real, double-breasted, adamantine "Democrats" has faith enough to remove mountains. If told by his leader to pass through a stone wall, he will do it, or butt his brains out in the attempt. His creed is, that if Buchanan should stamp his foot; and order the earth to cease its diurnal revolutions, that immediately there would be an end to the alternations of light and darkness. He is a true soldier in the ranks—he does what he is told, and reverences his captain as his sole thinking machine. It is this knowledge of the credulity of the disciple, which gives point and strength to the self-conceit and laudation of the master. The one never disquiets himself about the reason of things—he is willing to depend on trust—the vanity of the other is more than gratified when he is permitted to lead his blind brother into the bright ways of Democratic truth. Happy couple! how often do they realize the words of the old song—

"We digged a ditch, he digged it deep—
We fell in—the same."

Examined in its length and breadth, its height and depth—take it on one side and then on the other, modern philosophic Democracy is a most magnificent institution. It is a self-cooking instrument, but owing to the flint being higher than the frizen, it often misses fire. Like the Yankee's dry land water mill, it goes by the force of circumstances. By this new motive power, it will bring Kansas into the Union as a free State and establish a sound National and State currency. It is omnipotent and can accomplish anything except to make a man a woman, but when it progresses a little more, it no doubt will perform even that miracle. Great is modern philosophic Democracy, and every demagogue is its prophet!

We like the philosophic Democracy. It is good natured and sleeps of nights. True, it often sports in borrowed clothes, but it always keeps its eye on its ruffles in front, without caring a red what sticks out in the rear. It means well generally, and but for the scrapes into which it is led by some of its more choleric members, it would do well, if the softness of its head was oftener controlled by the impulses of its heart.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"John, stop your crying," said an enraged father, to his son, who had kept up an interminable "yell" for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father, after a few moments, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you?" chimed in the hopeful archer.

FROM THE TENTH TO THE TWELFTH OF LAST month, inclusive, there was no revolution in Mexico. One old Mexican gentleman hung himself in consequence of this state of affairs on the eleventh. He left a note intimating that he had been accustomed to his revolution every morning after breakfast for the last forty years, and that he couldn't live to see his country degenerate, &c.

RETURN OF COL. SCHLESINGER.—The well known Col. Schlesinger, who, it will be recollected, at one time acted a conspicuous part in Gen. Walker's army in Nicaragua, has arrived in New York in the brig Ocean Bird, from San Juan. The New York Times states that he defends himself from the charges brought against him by Gen. Walker, and intends shortly to publish a full account of the Nicaraguan revolution, which will be in no way flattering to his former commander. He also promises to clear himself of the charge brought against him of deserting at San Rosa.

PRESSURE IN THE HORSE MARKET.—The New York Tribune states that the derangement of the money market has had a most disastrous effect upon the market for horses. Horses which cost their owners seven hundred and fifty dollars were sold lately for one hundred and seventy-five dollars in that city. Another horse, which a year ago had a standing offer of one thousand five hundred dollars, was sold for three hundred dollars; and a handsome bay, for which six hundred dollars was paid last summer, and not considered dear at that, brought but one hundred and twenty-five dollars a few days ago.

THE FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP IN ENGLAND.—The London Star of October 6th says that the anticipations which had up to that time prevailed of a plentiful crop of potatoes in that country have been suddenly dispelled. The Star says:—"Within the last few weeks, however, the rot has manifested itself in the most extraordinary manner. Hundreds of acres will not pay for the digging, as the potatoes, although looking very well when first taken out of the ground, in twenty-four hours are unfit for use. Unfortunately this sudden manifestation of the disease is not confined to any particular district, but seems very general. This is very bad and intelligence for the poor, as it will practically put this valuable element beyond their reach. Fortunately, however, we have had a plentiful harvest."

CHOLERA ON SHIPBOARD.—Since Saturday last, several emigrant ships have arrived at quarantine at New York, from Hamburg, and other North of Europe ports, having had many cases of Asiatic cholera on board, with several deaths.

SYMPATHY WITH THE SEPOYS.

We have heretofore given some account of the atrocities committed by the Sepoy rebels in India. We have also given the resolutions of an Irish meeting in New York, sympathizing with the Sepoys. It must be revolting to the sense of every American citizen, that a meeting held upon our own soil, should express sympathy with the barbarous wretches, who recognize no rule but the law of torture, and with whom even innocence and virtue are but the license for outrage.—Yet it is even so. Irishmen in America have espoused the cause of the Sepoys, and an organ in their own country responds most favorably to their sympathy. The following from a Dublin paper shows how Irishmen can exult over the atrocities perpetrated upon English men and women:

"Sweeter than the voice of love, sweeter than the warm accents of friendship, dearer than the mellow tones of the heart, is the news of English discomfiture in India. They are delighted, rejoiced, and gladdened beyond measure when they hear of the torture and humiliation of their ancient foe. There is not a vessel of hers is wrecked, there is not a general of hers is slain, there is not a battalion in her service which is routed and overthrown, that the people of Ireland do not glow over with the greatest satisfaction and delight. They are consequently delighted by the intelligence received from the East, where the forces of the Great Mogul are pondering the armies of Great Britain. Wherever England draws the sword or lights the match, Ireland prays for her defeat, and at no time has she prayed more fervently in that way than she does now, when the patriot Sepoys of India are endeavoring to strangle the British power, and sweep it root and branch from the fair and fertile fields of Hindostan."

"The Patriot Sepoys of India!" In the language of a contemporary, we could not have deemed it possible, but for such paragraphs as the above, that anything wearing the form of humanity could regard with any other feelings than those of profound and intense horror such deeds as are enacted by the "patriot Sepoys" of India.

AN IMPORTANT BANK DECISION.—In the case of Livingston vs. the Bank of New York, the Supreme Court of that State lately decided that the banks are not bound to pay specie. The application was made for an injunction, and the following is a passage from the opinion of the court:

"In the present case, it is now admitted, that the bank has property not only sufficient, but in every respect more than sufficient to satisfy all demands. Within the meaning of the statute, therefore, it is 'clearly solvent,' and of course not a subject for the extraordinary decree prayed for in the complaint."

SHAVING NOTES WITHOUT ANY CAPITAL.—In the course of the trial in the Supreme Court, yesterday, of the case of Luke Green against Peleg W. Gardner, Mr. Thomas A. Doyle testified that while he was Cashier of the Grocers and Produce Bank, one of the directors of that bank, now deceased, was in the habit of buying paper of bill brokers, giving his check therefore payable some days ahead, and before it came due, would get the same discounted to pay his check. Slurper practice that this was never sworn to in a court of law. Men frequently transact a large business without capital; but we never before heard of a man shaving notes without money.—*Providence Journal.*

SALARIES OF THE ENGLISH CABINET.—We subjoin a list of the English Cabinet, with their salaries:

Viscount Palmerston, with annual salary of £25,000
Marquis of Lansdowne, no office.

Sir George C. Lewis, with annual salary of 25,000
Sir George Grey, 25,000
Earl of Clarendon, 25,000
Henry Labouchere, 25,000
Lord Palmerston, 25,000
Sir Charles Wood, 22,000
Lord Cranworth, 20,000
Lord Granville, 10,000
Earl of Harrowby, 10,000
M. T. Baines, 20,000
Lord Stanley of Alderly, 10,000
Duke of Argyll, 12,500
Verdon Smith, 25,000

The total salaries received by the British Cabinet, (as such, for many of them have other appointments also) \$289,000 a year. Total salaries received by the President of the United States and his Cabinet, (adding in the Vice President,) \$89,000.

LENGTH OF A MILE IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—The English mile is 1760 yards; the Russian 1100; the Italian 1467; the Irish and Scotch 2200; the Polish 4400; the Spanish 5028; the German 5866; the Swedish and Danish 7233; and the Hungarian 8830. The French measure by the mean league, which is 3666 yards.

A TEXAS paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by the clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden called out to her clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" The idea took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched her bride rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action, that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

A MODEL TOWN.—We are permitted, says the Volcano Ledger, to make the following verbatim extract from a letter from Orville:

GEN OF THE NORTHERN MINES, Or, Orville, Aug. 24, 1857.

Orville is the liveliest city I have seen since 49 years of life. Public Gambling, plenty of money in speculation, mines pay well. Music in fifteen houses every night. Rooms do all the go 15 table going all night. Whiskey Shops keep open night & day and are full of men all the time, just the place for Barmen to live without work, plenty of Soft Snaps here. Bailey would be in clover.

AD VALOREM DUTIES.

(From the Richmond Whig.)

Previously to the tariff law of 1846, passed at the earnest suggestion of this same Robert J. Walker, who has succeeded so completely in abolishing Kansas, and who was then Mr. Polk's Secretary of the Treasury, the whole experience of this country, and of every other in the world, which pretended to be commercial, had been opposed to ad valorem duties. The proposition met with warm and vehement opposition from the Whig party, but Congress was overwhelmingly in

favor of it, and it was carried through by a triumphant majority. Ad valorem duties were adopted, and the whole reduced to 20 per cent. We need not remind our readers of the disastrous effects of this system. They see it in the prostrate condition of the country; they feel it in their own straitened resources; they hear it in the cries of distress that reach us from all quarters of the Union.

The system which Mr. Walker established, supplanted one which had been in practice since the formation of our government. It had stood through every administration, from that of Gen. Washington to that of Mr. Polk. It was adopted at a time of high prosperity, precisely on the principle of a quick, who attempts to make a man better, while he is in the enjoyment of perfect health; and it has resulted as all such experiments must result. It was adopted on the idea, that it was the point at which the largest revenue could be raised, at a time when the revenue was ample for every purpose that could be conceived necessary. It was adopted at a time when the people were perfectly satisfied with their condition, and did not, in the least, complain of the tariff then existing. The resources of the country were developing themselves with unexampled rapidity, and its population was increasing at the rate of 600,000 a year; its wealth was growing with the speed of its railroads and canals, pari passu with its population; there had been a vast augmentation of the shipping engaged in its domestic commerce, not only by sea, but upon its rivers and lakes, its manufactures had become formidable even to England, and its agriculture had kept pace with all its other industries. This state of prosperity had succeeded to the prostration of 1837, and the universal stagnation that followed. It had been owing to the tariff of 1842. During the three years that that tariff had been in operation, the productive power of the country had been greater than it had ever been during any equal space of time in our national history. Nothing but that species of boldness—which has its origin in entire ignorance—distinctive always of the quick and the demagogue—could have induced any Secretary of the Treasury to lay a hand upon that tariff. A statesman would not have ventured to do it. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

There have been three periods of universal distress since the Federal Constitution was adopted, previously to this. They were 1783 to 1789, 1815 to 1824, 1837 to 1842. They were all low tariff periods, just as the present is. If Walker had examined the records of the Department over which, to the shame of this nation, he was called to preside, he would have seen that these periods, and if he had possessed any patriotism, he might have drawn from them ample material for reflection, before he took the rash step of reducing a tariff which had been so beneficial to the country. The good of the country, however, seems to have been a consideration of secondary importance, if indeed he ever thought about it. Like all other Locofocos, he seems to have thought his office a mere job, out of which he was bound to make all he could. In this respect he cannot be charged with any failures. He came into office a bankrupt; he left it a millionaire. He probably found it answered his main purpose to disturb the finances of the country, better than it did to let them remain in a sound condition. He might have known if he had thought proper to enquire, that at each of the periods in question, the evil had been produced by a low tariff, as is evident from the fact that as soon as a higher one was imposed, it was instantly removed. The financial embarrassments occasioned by the revolution, which left the country in a very distressed condition in 1783, were enormously enhanced by the circumstance that there was no tariff of general binding power, and under the old articles of confederation, no power competent to establish one. This was one of the necessities that led to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. As soon as Congress, under the Constitution, passed a tariff, the country began to revive. The war of 1812, terminating in 1815, left the country in great embarrassments, and from these embarrassments, it did not recover until Mr. Clay's tariff of 1824. Much as that tariff has since been abused, its influence upon all the interests of the country was immediate and decisive. Unfortunately, the principle was extended too far in 1828 and 1832, and the consequence will nigh be the dissolution of the Union. Next came the compromise measures of 1833, which, combined with Jackson's war upon the Bank of the United States, produced the expansion and contraction resulting in the explosion of 1837. After all this, Walker proposed the tariff of 1846, and it was adopted! If a Minister in England were to tamper in such a way with the prosperity of the nation, he would lose his head, and lose it justly too.

What is Mr. Buchanan going to do in the circumstances? Is he a patriot enough to forget that the great man whom he slandered to death, recommended an increase of the tariff as the only remedy for similar distress? Can he run fore no short moment above party? We doubt it—indeed, we have no doubts at all; we know he cannot. The country must continue to suffer under a low tariff; but it can no longer indulge in the extravagance of the last ten years, for the money is all gone.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

ON HOW THE ROYAL DOCTOR'S WIFE HAD HER CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

—BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Mr. Absalom Pepper is a monstrous smart yard doctor, and has made a heap of money in Fineview curing all kinds of ailments. He is a mighty nice man, and goes to church every Sunday as regular as the day comes round, and no body would ever 'spicioned him of doing anything rong, or of having a enemy in the world.

It was about half past seven o'clock, and terrible dark—just the night for doing a diabolical deed. The family of Mr. Pepper was settled round the tea-table, never dreamin' of what was going to happen. Mrs. Pepper was axin' Mr. Brown if his tea was to suit him, and making apologies to Miss Patience Pepper, her husband's maiden aunt, about the cake being heavy; the galls was a gabbun to one another, and Mr. Pepper was tellin' little Jimmy how he mustn't eat no more pound cake, 'cause he'd make him sick again.

Everything was going on in a harmonious and so-called way, when all of a sudden there was a ring at the door-bell. Thinkin' nothing of that, they all went on eatin' and talkin' to one another, while bigger Fanny went to answer the bell.

In about a minute, here came Fanny back, with her mouth wide open and her eyes startin' out of her head, and a mahogany box in her hands, which she held out before her, by the brass handles on each end, as far from her as she could get.

"Oh!—oh!—my goodness!" said Fanny, as she suddenly made her appearance at the door with the box in her hand—"O-o-o—ugh!"

It was a dead ghost, with its own coffin in its arms, and cum right into the room, it could n't have made a worse panic. Every one seemed to be instantly purified with horror. Then that had their mouths open hadn't time to shut 'em, and then that had their mouths shut 'em, to have the look-jaw simultaneous—Miss Patience was standin' on her hands and feet, and as her mouth was open, the pound cake she was eatin' just naturally dropped in her plate. Miss Susan Pepper was the first to scream, and that seemed to relieve 'em a little, for the next minute the whole party examined it.

"What's that?"

"What upon earth is that box?" said Mr. Pepper, as they all rise up from the table.

"What did you git that box, Fanny?" said Mrs. Pepper, upstevin' the tea-pot on to Mr. Brown's legs in her excitement.

"Don't touch it, for yer lives!" said Miss Patience.

"Ugh! ugh!" groaned Fanny, as she sat it down in the middle of the floor. Fanny rolled up the whites of her eyes like she was going to faint, and staggered back again the door.

It was a mahogany box about three feet long by eighteen inches wide and six deep. It was varnished as bright as a dollar, and had a key sticking in the lock. No body dared to touch it.

"What did you git that box, Fanny?" said Mr. Pepper, as they all rise up from the table.

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SCRUPULOUS DELICACY IN REGARD TO DEAD LETTERS.

Every Postmaster, once a quarter, returns all the letters for which he can find no claimant to the Department at Washington. A confidential clerk breaks the seal of all these, and opens them, but does not read a line. He simply ascertains if there is anything in them. If there is not, they are without further trouble packed away for burning, and all consumed by fire in an oven prepared for the purpose, so that nothing shall escape. If, however, there is any sum of money, or any valuable, however trifling, the letter and contents are handed over to another clerk, who simply examines the name and address, and then encloses the whole back to the writer. The rest of the letter he is forbidden to read. If the writer cannot be found, the letter is then carefully preserved, with its contents, for years, until every chance of its being reclaimed, has died away. During the last quarter twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-five dollars was received in about twenty-two hundred letters at the dead letter office. Not quite fifty thousand dollars a year is generally thus received in about ten thousand letters, or about an average, five dollars a letter. Of this it is calculated that nine-tenths are returned to the senders.

DEAR SIR.—That medicine what you give me for my old woman, done the business fast, and I want you to send me the medicine what I spoke to you 'bout t'other day. I've had the medicine chest fixed up for the purpose, and I want you to send me some medicine for all kinds of ailments, in the vials, with the names of the diseases rit on 'em, so I won't make no mistake. Put in a box of Life Liniment, as Peter's got the rheumatiz dreadful, and I'll send you a gallon jug for the number six to morrow.

The baby wouldn't take the Lobly, no how, but I reckon we got 'em off with a spoon to stop its simptoms. It's looked terrible blue round the mouth ever since. But it don't seem so restless now as it was the last steamin'. Betsy says she wishes you'd cum and see it in the mornin'.

Very respectfully,
JOHN DODGE.

"Well, now," said Pepper, drappin' the letter on the ground, and gettin' as red in the face as a pepper-pod, "if that ain't a devilish nice piece of business!"

The wimmin was greatly relieved by the demolition of Mr. Dose's medicine chest. Brown hadn't a word more to say about internal medicine, and Mr. Pepper's mind was took up for the balance of the night, plain old low he would meet his patient in the mornin', and how he should explain the catastrophe to him.

The fact is, Dose never ought to put his letter inside of the box.

BACON GOING BACK AND FORWARD.—The Cincinnati Commercial treats us to the following commercial item—an interesting one, in view of the present state of commerce between England and America:

Bacon was in active demand at Liverpool, and had advanced one shilling per hundred. This was consequent upon the heavy shipments made back to New York, reaching in all, nine thousand boxes, and the article is now selling in New York at nine and nine and a half, rendering the reshipment from Liverpool a bad adventure after all; and we understand, from a gentleman just from Liverpool, that two thousand boxes which had arrived at New York per ste